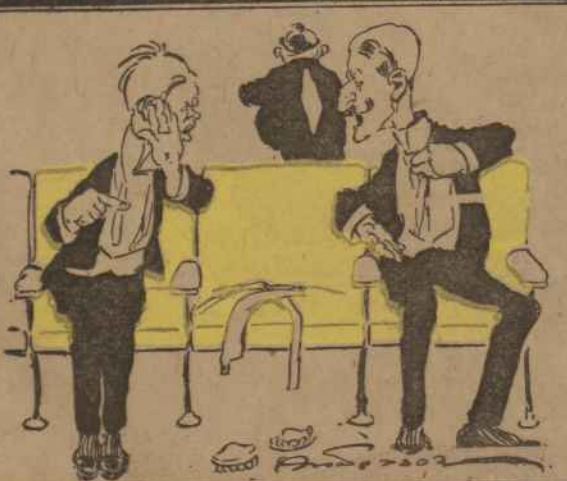
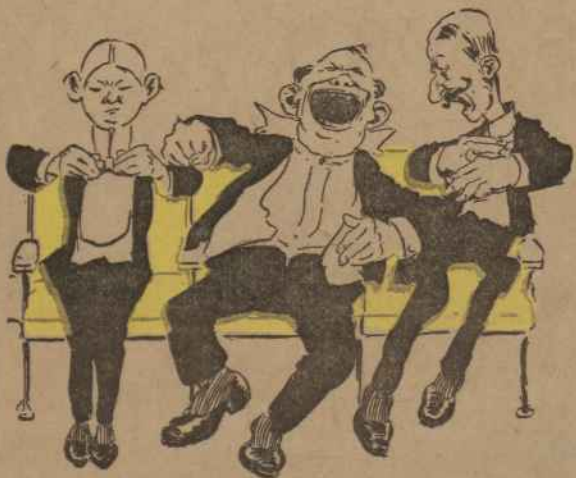
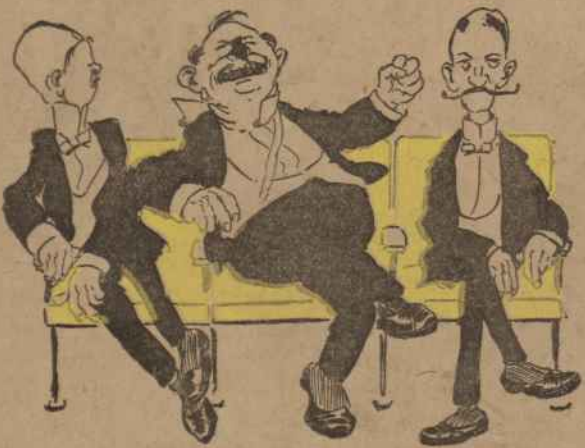
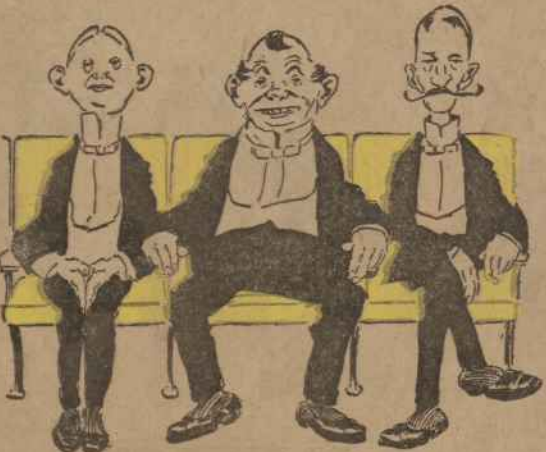
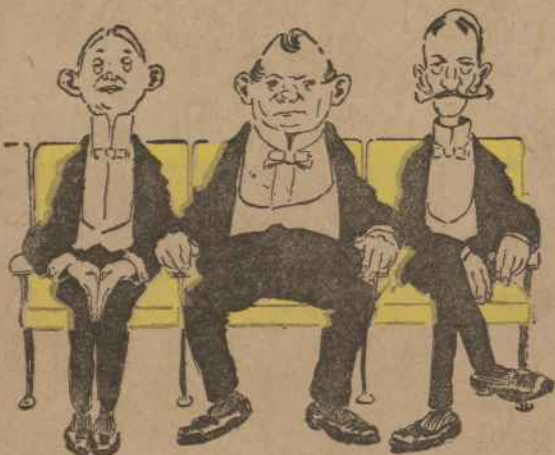


## JOURNAL KINETOSCOPE

## HOW JIMPSON ENJOYED THE FUNNY STORY.



TAKEN AT THE RATE OF  
A MILLION A MINUTE.

## A Narrow Escape.

Things were looking very black indeed for the prisoner, and as a last resort counsel for the defence had set up a plea of insanity. In spite of the fact that his client was to all appearances the personification of a sound mind in a healthy body, the indefatigable lawyer brought forward witness after witness to the contrary. At length the Court showed signs of impatience.

"See here!" he exclaimed testily, "if you cannot produce any stronger evidence than this you're simply wasting our time. You have shown that the prisoner is in the habit of accompanying his wife to bargain sales. What is that but an indication of economy? Then he has been known to speak in praise of the Manhattan 'L' road management. That might have been due to a besotted-mindedness. Again, he is at times afflicted with hallucinations, during the continuance of which he imagines that the world is coming to a speedy and horrible termination. As to that—well, I'm not a total abstainer myself. Lastly, you have established the fact that he once referred to his mother-in-law as a charming and estimable woman. That is your strongest point, yet after all it may have been simply a matter of diplomacy. Really, the evidence is childishly inadequate."

"One moment, Your Honor," pleaded the prisoner's counsel in desperation; "I have one more witness. If Your Honor will but hear his testimony I'll stake my professional reputation upon the result."

The prisoner was placed upon the stand. Amid the greatest excitement he swore that the prisoner had admitted to him that his (the prisoner's) wheel was not the best on earth.

"That's enough, Mr. Briefs," cried His Honor, with a face as pale as death. "Your client is undoubtedly a hopeless maniac. Officer, have the prisoner put into a straight jacket immediately."

## How It Happened.

"Are you the editor, sir?" inquired a stranger in the village, addressing a cadaverous person whom he had found sitting in the sanctum of the Ruralville Bazaar waiting for the coming of the High Scribe, who was temporarily absent. "No, sir; I just dropped in," was the reply. "I've got the dyspepsia terribly—that's what makes me look so half starved."

## Concerning Aesop.

A fox one day passed under a tempting bunch of grapes, hanging invitingly within reach. The fox looked at them for a moment and then passed on indifferently. This was because foxes are not vegetarians, and have never been known to have any desire for grapes.

MORAL: Aesop was either a chump or a liar.

## FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

The marriage of Mrs. Alfretta Kershaw and James Henry Babcock, familiarly known as "Three-fingered Jim," which was solemnized last Thursday at High noon, was one of the most chaste and enjoyable functions of the present social season.

Two of the Bride's former husbands were present in person, and a third Gentleman who had formerly occupied that enviable position, but is now, we regret to say, unavoidably detained in the penitentiary, was ably represented by his brother, the prosperous and deservedly-popular proprietor of a faro bank down in Tombstone. After the ceremony which made the two loving hearts beat as one all hands adjourned to the cemetery and strewed fragrant flowers on the grave of the bride's first husband, who died a natural death at the hands of an infuriated Bear some two years ago.

Among the many presents with which the happy couple were rememoered was a large and handsomely-bound Bible, presented by the two ex-husbands and the ex-husband by proxy, all of whom chipped in equitably for its purchase. The Bride will please accept our heartfelt thanks for a large section of wedding cake made by her own fair hands. She always makes the kind of wedding cake that melts like dew in ye Hungry editor's mouth. We wish her many happy returns of the day.

## GOLD FIELDS OF PERU.

## One Hundred Years Hence.

"My poor child!"

The father tenderly embraced his son, and eyed with parental solicitude the young man's altered appearance.

Alas, it was the old story! The innocent youth had been but three short months a bridegroom, yet already a threatening cloud darkened the domestic sky.

"Speak, child!" urged the parent. "Tell me the cause of these sad misunderstandings. When did you first observe the change in your wife's feelings toward you?"

The young man's tears gushed forth afresh at the recollection.

"She has never been the same," he sobbed, "since I bought her that box of cigars for a birthday present."

## Pro and Con.

GOSLING—I tell you the heroine of the Curfew bell was only a representative of her sex. How many women are there to-day who are figuratively hanging on to the clappers of the bell of publicity with the hope of saving the men they love!

CYNICUS—Only a few, compared to the number of women who are pulling the bell ropes.

## THE LOVERS AND THE LION.



1. CONGO MAIDEN: "Oh, joy! It is my sweetheart, Umbumpum!"



2. THE LION: "What! Can it be that?"



3. —"that is really Umbumpum?"



4. "Yes, indeed! It was really Umbumpum!"

## Not an Expert.

GOBANG—How do you like that cigar I just gave you? I won the box at a shooting match.

GRYMES—You must be a terribly poor shot.

## No Danger.

HE—I should think that girl would be afraid of getting overheated riding her wheel so fast.

SHE—Oh, perhaps her hair curls naturally.

## THE PUNISHED CAD.



1. "How d'ye do, Miss. May I walk with you?"



2. "How dare you speak to me!"



3. "Now will you be good?"